

Everyday I pass the same corner. And everyday the same old man sits with his dog. I know he doesn't have much, especially not a house to sleep in. In the winter it's bad. I know how he feels. I walk to school and I am freezing. I freeze with the new winter jacket my mom buys me every year. My boots keep my feet toasty as a FIRE and dry as the DESERT.

Yesterday, I decided I was going to do something about it. After my mom had left for work I packed a second lunch and I grabbed an old blanket, a coat, boots, mittens and a toque.

When I rounded the corner he wasn't there and that's when I knew I was *too late*.

From that day on I wondered why no one had EVER given him something before. It wasn't fair. And I was determined to change that .